

THE DIAL

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ENGLISH IN THE LOWER SCHOOLS.

The recent agitation in behalf of better instruction in elementary English, now so prominent a feature of educational discussion, may almost be said to date from the publication, a year or two ago, of the famous Harvard Report on Composition and Rhetoric. That Report, at least, gave to the reform movement its strongest impulse, and made a burning "question of the day" out of a matter previously little more than academic in its interest. The subject reached a larger public than it had ever

addressed before, and this new and wider public was fairly startled out of its self-complacency by the exhibit made of the sort of English written by young men and women supposed to have enjoyed the best preparatory educational advantages, and to be fitted for entrance into the oldest and most dignified of our colleges. The Report was more than a discussion of the evils of bad training; it was an object-lesson of the most effective sort, for it printed many specimen papers *literatim et verbatim*, and was even cruel enough to facsimile some of them by photographic process.

The seed of discontent having thus been sown broadcast, the field was in a measure prepared for the labors of the English Conference named by the Committee of Ten; and the report of that Conference, made public at the beginning of the present year, has kept the question of English teaching as burning as ever, if, indeed, it has not fanned the flame into greater heat. Not only the educational periodicals, but also many published in the interests of general culture, and even some of the newspapers—in their blundering way—have kept the subject before the public. Educational gatherings have devoted to it much of their attention, and it has been taken up by the pamphleteers, notably by Professors Gayley and Bradley of the University of California, whose "English in the Secondary Schools" we take pleasure in commending as both practical and sane.

The English Conference of which mention has been made, although appointed to investigate secondary education only, soon found that the subject of English is a unity, and felt obliged to make its recommendations apply to the whole course of training below the college—to the work of twelve years instead of four. The recommendations made for the first eight years were substantially as follows: For the first two years, elementary story-telling and the description of objects; for the next four, the use of reading-books, the beginnings of written composition, and a certain amount of informal grammar; for the last two years, formal grammar and reading of a distinctly literary sort. The "speller" is to be discarded altogether, and the "reader" after the sixth year. We wish, indeed, that the Conference

had gone still farther in the latter case and rejected the "reader" altogether. The important principle seems to be that nothing but literature should be read at all, and the "readers" in current use certainly contain much matter that cannot by any courtesy be called literature. This criticism is altogether apart from the other defect of scrappiness, inherent in the plan of the typical reading-book. Even "Mother Goose," as Mr. Horace Scudder has convincingly argued, is a sort of literature, and there is no lack of other substitutes for the thin and innutritious pabulum of the graded (we were on the point of saying degraded) books called "readers" which enterprising publishers have forced upon several generations of over-complacent school authorities. The suggestion that, as far as possible, complete works should be studied, is of fundamental importance, and should have been given greater emphasis. The following recommendation is admirable:

"Due attention should be paid to what are sometimes thoughtlessly regarded as points of pedantic detail, such as the elucidation of involved sentences, the expansion of metaphors into similes and the compression of similes into metaphors, the tracing of historical and other references, and a study of the denotation and connotation of single words. Such details are necessary if the pupil is to be brought to anything but the vaguest understanding of what he reads, and there is no danger that an intelligent teacher will allow himself to be dominated by them. It should not be forgotten that in these early years of his training the pupil is forming habits of reading and of thought which will either aid him for the rest of his life, or of which he will by-and-by have to cure himself with painful effort."

Upon the proportion of time to be allotted English in the first eight years, no definite pronouncement is made; but it should be greater rather than less than the share of attention given to the subject during the high-school years. This share, in the opinion of the Conference, should be a full fourth of the time throughout the four years of work, and of this share literature proper should get rather more than half, the rest being given to composition, rhetoric, and grammar of the historical or systematic sort. The demand for a full fourth of the secondary school period does not seem to us excessive, and other reforms may well wait until the justice of this claim becomes generally admitted. Given such a recognition of the importance of secondary English, the accomplishment of its educational purpose must follow from insistence upon a few simple and well-understood principles rather than from any new devices or startling innovations of method. The Confer-

ence rightly emphasized the fundamental importance of requiring good English in all school work, whether written or oral. As long as slovenly composition is allowed to pass uncensured in mathematical or natural science exercises, as long as slovenly speech is tolerated in class translations from foreign languages, the case remains hopeless. This is the root of the matter, and other reforms are of minor importance. Theme-writing in the English classes is useful, but written exercises in all the classes must be treated as themes, and bad English in a mathematical paper must count against it no less than bad logic. Teachers should also avail themselves to the utmost of the invaluable comparative advantages offered by the study of whatever ancient or modern languages are being pursued at the same time by the English student. The Conference was wholly right in asserting that "the best results in the teaching of English in high schools cannot be secured without the aid given by the study of some other language."

As for the study of English literature in secondary schools, we are firmly convinced that a historical text-book of the subject should be in the hands of every student, and that he should frequently recur to it for the proper correlation of groups and the chronological development of schools and forms. Such a book should be used sparingly, and for certain purposes only; not, for example, as a storehouse of cut-and-dried critical estimates. There has been of late a marked tendency to get along with the study of typical works of the great periods, just as in biology there has been a tendency to confine the work to study of a few typical forms. But the average student, left to his own devices, will not master the classification, in the one case, or the chronology, in the other; and without the indispensable framework of bare fact, his special studies will fail to come into proper relation with each other, and will lose much of their significance.

The greater part of the work done in English literature must of course consist in reading as many whole pieces of literature as it is possible to crowd into the time allotted. Since no two classes can be alike, and no two teachers ought to be alike, there is no greater mistake than the arrangement of a Procrustean course, to be followed by all, and repeated year after year. Whether the annual divisions of the high-school work be based upon literary periods or literary forms, or graded according to difficulty of subject-matter, there should be within each year's

work an almost unbounded latitude for the display of the teacher's individuality. He should be free to read as much as he chooses, and what he chooses, and in whatever way he chooses. To impose rigid methods upon the secondary teacher, or to select for him the texts which he shall study with his classes, is an act of sheer and utterly unjustifiable arrogance.

To sum up, we are inclined to think that the problem of secondary education in English reduces itself to getting teachers who know good literature and care for it, and minimizing to the utmost the restrictions placed upon their work. Duplication of work in different years must be avoided, but beyond the limits set with this object in view there should be no effort made to secure uniformity, both because every attempt to secure it costs something in vitality, and because there is no good reason for uniformity anyway. Our suggestions doubtless seem tame in comparison with the brilliant new departures here and there noisily heralded, but radical reconstructions appear to us no less suspicious in the body educational than in the body politic. It will be time to seek for the "new thing" when we have done all that is possible with the old.

ENGLISH AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY.*

A year ago the English department of the University of Indiana was completely reorganized, and four men—a professor, an associate professor, and two instructors—were appointed to carry on the work. The present course is our attempt to meet existing conditions. Each department must offer a full course of study leading to the bachelor's degree. Our students graduate in Greek, in Mathematics, in Sociology, in English, or in any one of the dozen other departments, with the uniform degree of A.B. About a third of the student's time is given to required studies, a third to the special work of the chosen department, and a third to elective studies. The department of English, then, is required to offer a four years' course of five hours a

*This article is the eleventh of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); English at Lafayette College, by Professor F. A. March (May 16); English at the State University of Iowa, by Professor E. E. Hale, Jr. (June 1); and English at the University of Chicago, by Professor Albert H. Tolman (June 16).—[EDR. DIAL.]

week; as a matter of fact, it offers considerably more.

The English courses fall into three distinct natural groups—language, composition, and literature,—in each of which work may be pursued for four or more years. One year of this work is required of all students; the rest is elective. With two exceptions, all our courses run throughout the year.

The linguistic work is under the charge of Associate Professor Davidson. The elementary courses are a beginning class in Old English prose, and one in the history of the language. Then follow a course in Chaucer, the Mystery Plays, and Middle English romances and lyrics; an advanced course in Old English poetry, including a seminary study of *Béowulf*; the history of Old and Middle English literature; and a course in historical English grammar, which makes a special examination of forms and constructions in modern prose. In these classes the intention is to lead the student into independent investigation as soon as he is prepared for it.

In composition, the work is as completely practical as we can make it. Writing is learned by writing papers, each one of which is corrected and rewritten. There are no recitations in "rhetoric." The bugbear known generally in our colleges as Freshman English is now a part of our entrance requirement, and university instruction in composition begins with those fortunate students who have some little control of their native language when a pen is between their fingers. We are still obliged, however, to supply instruction to students conditioned in entrance English, and the conditioned classes make the heaviest drain upon the instructors' time. The first regular class receives students who write clearly and can compose good paragraphs. The subjects of the year's work are narration, description, exposition. In the next year's class, an attempt is made to stimulate original production in prose and verse. A certain amount of criticism upon contemporary writing enters into this course,—the object being to point out what is good in (for example) current magazines and reviews, and thus to hold before the student an ideal not altogether impossible of attainment. A young writer confronted with the virtues and defects of Macaulay and De Quincey is likelier to be discouraged or made indifferent, than inspired, as far as his own style is concerned. If he is shown wherein a "Brief" in THE DIAL is better than his own review of the book, he is in a fair way to improve. And so with sketches, stories, and even poems. Of course current magazine writing is not held up as ideal literature; nor, on the other hand, is the production of literature deemed a possible part of college study. The work in this branch of English is rounded off by a class for students who intend to teach composition. The theory of rhetoric is studied, and something of its history; school texts in rhetoric are examined; and finally the class learns the first steps in teaching by taking charge of elementary classes.

In the literary courses the required work comes first. Many students take no more English than these

prescribed three terms of five hours a week; many others continue the study; and the problem has been to arrange the course so as to create in the former class the habit of careful and sympathetic reading, and at the same time to give the latter class a safe foundation for future work. The plan is to read in the class, with the greatest attention to detail, one or more characteristic works of the authors chosen (Scott, Shakespeare, Thackeray, George Eliot), and to require as outside work a good deal of rapid collateral reading. This class and most of the composition classes are conducted by Mr. Sembower and Mr. Harris, who will be assisted during the coming year by one or two additional instructors.

The course in English prose style begins in the second year, and follows the method of the late Professor Minto. Macaulay, De Quincey, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold are the writers taken up. A course in American authors finds here a place. Then comes a course in poetry: Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning. Complete editions of all the poets, except the last, are used, and the year's work is meant to serve as an introduction to the critical reading of poetry. A separate course of one term in metrics accompanies the poetry course. In the drama there is a full course in Shakespeare and other Elizabethans (which presupposes the first year's work in Shakespeare), and also a course in classical drama, Greek and French, studied in translation. The dramatic courses begin with a discussion of Professor Moulton's books on Shakespeare, and on the Greek drama, and then take up independent study of as many plays as possible. The last regular course is the literary seminary, which during the coming year will investigate, as far as the library will allow, the rise of romantic poetry in England. Special research courses are arranged for students who wish to pursue their English studies. It may be added that in order to graduate in English, work must be taken in each of the three groups of the department.

It has been my effort, naturally, to arrange the courses in a logical order, advancing from the simple to the more difficult, and covering as wide a range as is consistent with thoroughness; this latter quality being an ideal kept always in view — would we might say as confidently, in reach. And as to the method of conducting classes, each instructor teaches as he pleases; any man's best method is the one that appeals to him at the time.

And now, as to that vexed question: How shall literature be taught? Class-room methods vary in the department, but our ultimate object is the same. The aim, then, in teaching literature is, I think, to give the student a thorough understanding of what he reads, and the ability to read sympathetically and understandingly in the future. If we use the phrase "to read intelligently," we name the object of every instructor's teaching. But in the definition of this ideal we come upon so many differences of opinion that in reality it means not one thing

but a thousand. To touch upon a few obsolescent notions,—to one teacher it meant to fill the student full of biography and literary history; to another it meant to put the student in possession of what the best critics, or the worst ones, had said about the artist and his work; to another it meant making a potter over numberless petty details of the text (a species of literary parsing); to another it meant harping on the moral purposes of the poet or novelist; anything, in short, except placing the student face to face with the work itself and acting as his spectacles when his eyesight was blurred.

The negations of all these theories have become the commonplaces of day,—truisms among a certain class of teachers. To repeat those principles that have thus become truisms of theory (not yet of practice—the difference is profound), we have first the truth that the study of literature means the study of *literature*, not of biography nor of literary history (incidentally of vast importance), not of grammar, not of etymology, not of anything except the works themselves, viewed as their creators wrote them, viewed as art, as transcripts of humanity,—not as logic, not as psychology, not as ethics.

The second point is that we are concerned with the *study* of literature. And here is the parting of the ways. Granting we concern ourselves with pure literature only, just how shall we concern ourselves with it? There are many methods, but these methods are of two kinds only: the method of the professor who preaches the beauty of the poet's utterance, and the method of him who makes his student systematically approach the work as a work of art, find out the laws of its existence as such, the mode of its manifestation, the meaning it has, and the significance of that meaning,—in brief, to have his students interpret the work of art and ascertain what makes it just that and not something else. Literature, as every reader profoundly feels, is an appeal to all sides of our nature; but I venture to insist that as a *study*—and this is the point at issue—it must be approached intellectually. And here the purpose of literature, and the purpose of studying literature, must be sharply discriminated. The question is not, Apprehending literature, how shall I let it influence me? The question most definitely is, How shall I learn to apprehend literature, that thereby it may influence me?

As far as class study is concerned, the instructors must draw the line once for all between the liking for reading and the understanding of literature. To all who assert that the study of literature must take into account the emotions, that it must remember questions of taste, I can only answer impatiently, Yes, I agree; but between taking them into account, and making them the prime object of the study, there is the difference between day and night. It is only by recognizing this difference that we professors of English cease to make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of those who see into the heart of things, that we can at all successfully disprove Freeman's remark—caustic and four-fifths true—

"English Literature is only chatter about Shelley." As a friend of mine puts it: To understand literature is a matter of study, and may be taught in the class-room; to love literature is a matter of character, and can never be taught in a class-room. The professor who tries chiefly to make his students love literature wastes his energy for the sake of a few students who would love poetry anyway, and sacrifices the majority of his class, who are not yet ripe enough to love it. The professor who tries chiefly to make his students understand literature will give them something to incorporate into their characters. For it is the peculiar grace of literature that whoso understands it loves it. It becomes to him a permanent possession, not a passing thrill.

To revert to our University work in English, we have been confronted with a peculiar local condition. Sometime ago, Professor Hale wrote to THE DIAL that the students of Iowa University had little feeling for style. That is true of the Indiana students I have met. But the Iowans, it was my experience, were willing to study style and develop their latent feeling. Widespread in Indiana, however, I find the firm conviction that style is unworthy serious consideration. A poem is simply so much thought; its "form-side," to use a favorite student expression, ought to be ignored. And of the thought, only the ethical bearing of it is significant. Poetry is merely a question of morals, and beauty has no excuse for being. The plan of procedure is: believe unyieldingly in a certain philosophy of life; take a poem and read that philosophy into it. This is the "thought-side" of literature. Our first year has been largely an attempt to set up other aims than these.

MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

Professor of English, Indiana University.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN NOVELISTS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I was surprised to read in the leading article of your issue for June 16 the following sentence: "It is a little curious that Italy, from whom we have reason to expect much, should have no contemporary writer of fiction deserving mention here."

I fear that the writer is acquainted only with such Italian novels as have been translated into English. If he were a student of contemporary Italian literature he could hardly have made such a statement. In point of fact, Italy now has a school of novelists that is not surpassed by that of any other country. While their state of society is very similar to the French and their plots are necessarily of the same somewhat objectionable character, and while they are fully as realistic, yet something of the spirit of Dante and Petrarch, something of the idealization of love even in its guiltiest forms, still clings to their souls, and saves them from the cynicism of the French; so that they may well be placed above the contemporary French school.

Every dog has its day. A few years ago it was the

Russian dog; now it is the Spanish; and when people get tired of that, the Italian will doubtless have its turn, and everybody will be raving about Italian books which are now passed over unnoticed.

To mention the able Italian novels of to-day would take too long. I may say, though, that I know of no contemporary French novel equal to Fogazzaro's "Daniel Cortis," the story of the struggle of two noble souls against a guilty love, a struggle in which they came out victors. It is said that Fogazzaro has been the recipient of very many letters from men and women thanking him for saving them in the hour of temptation, and that one famous Italian beauty who died rather than yield to a guilty passion had the book placed in her coffin.

Then, to go to the other extreme, I know of no French novel equal in its way to that marvellous, perverse, and perverting book, "L'Innocente," by Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is probably impossible to find in any language a study of morbid psychology that will compare with it. Those sentimentalists who think that the infidelity of the husband is as blamable as that of the wife should read this awful book. The writer, a very young man, is perhaps the most highly gifted of living authors.

It is probably safe to say that the writer of your article has never read Rovetta's "Mater Dolorosa," Memini's "Marchesa d'Arcello," Roberti's "L' Illusione," Gentile's "Il Peccato," or Sperani's "Numeri e Sogni," or he would have written differently. G. B. ROSE.

Little Rock, Ark., June 20, 1894.

[The editorial article to which our correspondent refers dealt with its subject in the most summary fashion, and attempted to name only a very few of the living writers of fiction. Probably many of its readers felt aggrieved at the omission of favorite names, and we are glad to afford a lover of the new Italian literature this opportunity of expressing his particular grievance. But we still think that no one of the writers mentioned by him yet occupies a sufficient space in the field of literature to deserve being classed with the few whom we singled out. Even the work of the young poet Sig. d'Annunzio, remarkable as it is, has the fatal defect of being morbid, and we did not mention it for the same reason that would have prevented us from mentioning the work of Guy de Maupassant, had he still been among the living. To call the former "the most highly gifted of living authors" seems to us a very wild bit of criticism.—EDR. DIAL.]

THE PROVINCIAL FLAG OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The "Pennsylvania Gazette" of January 12 and April 16, 1748, gives a description of devices which Dr. Benjamin Franklin says (in his Autobiography) that he furnished for flags for the "Associators" of 1747, in Philadelphia. (*Vide Sparks's Franklin*, p. 146, for details.)

No mention is made in either issue of the color of the silks upon which these devices were painted. Can any reader of THE DIAL put me in the way of finding out the color of the silk, especially that of the flag with device No. 1, "a lion erect, a naked scimitar in one paw, the other holding the escutcheon of Pennsylvania, motto, *Patria*!"

FRANCIS OLCOTT ALLEN.

314 Walnut St., Philadelphia, June 17, 1894.

The New Books.

LETTERS OF TWO MUSICIANS.*

To the musical world the publication of Liszt's Letters is an event of first-rate importance; and they will be found, in the main, to fulfil anticipation. Their critical value is of a high order, and criticism is their dominant note. They tell us something of Liszt the man and much of Liszt the artist, and are fairly rich in those personal allusions and judgments which are the spice of productions of their class. "Spice," however, is hardly the right word here, for Liszt, when speaking of others, is too amiable to be pungent. Though a true son of Phœbus Apollo, there were no poisoned shafts in his quiver; and his words have scarcely a sting even for Shelley's "stupid and malignant race," from whom, as a frequent contemner of beaten paths, he had some provocation. "Whether one worries a bit more or a bit less," he writes to Köhler, "it is pretty much the same. Let us only spread our wings 'with our faces firmly set,' and all the cackle of goose-quills will not trouble us at all."

As Schlegel divided men into two main classes of Platonists and Aristotelians, so Liszt seems to have divided them into the fools and the *non-fools*; and against the rock-ribbed Ehrenbreitstein of folly he resolved to waste no sparrow-shot in the shape of argument or appeal. The unvexed composer wrote to Dr. Franz Brendel, an active polemic in the lists his friend declined to enter:

"People may think about it what they please, but the truth is that I do not bother myself about fools of any species, whether German, French, English, Russian or Italian, but am peacefully industrious in my seclusion here (Rome). 'Let me rest, let me dream,' not indeed beneath blossoming almond trees, as Hoffman sings, but comforted and at peace under the protection of the *Madonna del Rosario* who has provided me with this cell."

In point of literary charm, Liszt's letters generally fall short of Mendelssohn's; and the un-musical reader will find them over-full of the caviare of musical lore and technicality. Music was the god of Liszt's idolatry, and his devotions left him little time or concern for what he may have thought profaner interests. His letters are mostly addressed to people whose

pursuits and interests were kindred to his own—fellow-artists, composers, publishers, critics, and amateurs of music, etc.; and one notes little to indicate that his sympathies ever left for long their wonted channel. Sparing in his censures, he bestowed his commendation with a free hand. In 1832 he wrote of his early idol Paganini:

"'And I too am a painter!' cried Michael Angelo the first time he beheld a *chef d'œuvre*. . . . Though insignificant and poor, your friend cannot leave off repeating those words of the great man ever since Paganini's last performance. René, what a man, what a violin, what an artist! Heavens! what sufferings, what misery, what tortures in those four strings!"

Of Wagner he wrote to Belloni in 1849:

"Richard Wagner, a Dresden conductor, has been here (Weimar) since yesterday. That is a man of wonderful genius, such a brain-splitting genius indeed as befits this country,—a new and brilliant appearance in art."

In a letter to Köhler, in 1853, he tells of the "several *Walhalla*-days" recently spent with Wagner, and adds, "I praise God for having created such a man." Writing to Wilhelm von Lenz in regard to the latter's book on "Beethoven and his Three Styles," Liszt finely says:

"For us musicians Beethoven's work is like the pillar of cloud and fire which guided the Israelites through the desert—a pillar of cloud to guide us by day, a pillar of fire to guide us by night, 'so that we may progress both day and night.' His obscurity and his light trace for us equally the path we have to follow; they are each of them a perpetual commandment, an infallible revelation."

Proceeding to discuss the ground idea of Lenz's book, Liszt continues:

"Were it my place to categorize the different periods of the great master's thoughts, as manifested in his Sonatas, Symphonies, and Quartets, I should certainly not fix the division into *three styles*, which is now pretty generally adopted and which you have followed; but simply recording the questions which have been raised hitherto, I should frankly weigh the *great* question which is the axis of criticism and of musical æstheticism at the point to which Beethoven has led us—namely, in how far is traditional or recognized form a necessary determinant for the organism of thought?—The solution of this question, evolved from the works of Beethoven himself, would lead me to divide this work, not into three styles or periods,—the words *style* and *period* being here only corollary subordinate terms, of a vague and equivocal meaning,—but quite logically into two categories: the first, that in which traditional and recognized form contains and governs the thought of the master; and the second, that in which the thought stretches, breaks, recreates, and fashions the form and style according to its needs and inspirations. Doubtless in proceeding thus we arrive in a direct line at those incessant problems of *authority* and *liberty*. But why should they alarm us? In the region of liberal arts they do not, happily, bring in any of the dangers and

* *LETTERS OF FRANZ LISZT*. Collected and edited by La Mars; translated by Constance Bache. In two volumes, with portrait. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

SELECTED LETTERS OF MENDELSSOHN. Edited by W. F. Alexander, M.A. With an Introduction by Sir George Grove. "The Dilettante Library." New York: Macmillan & Co.

disasters which their oscillations occasion in the political and social world; for, in the domain of the Beautiful, Genius alone is the authority, and hence, Dualism disappearing, the notions of liberty and authority are brought back to their original identity. Manzoni, in defining genius as 'a stronger imprint of Divinity,' has eloquently expressed this very truth."

It is well known that Liszt virtually defrayed the expenses (about 60,000 francs) of the Bonn monument to Beethoven out of his own purse. The contributions had flowed in very meagerly, and Liszt impatiently wrote to Berlioz, "such a niggardly almsgiving, got together with such trouble and sending round the hat, must not be allowed to help towards building our Beethoven's monument." There is perhaps a shade of sarcasm in his letter to the Bonn committee:

"As the subscription for Beethoven's monument is only getting on slowly, and as the carrying out of this undertaking seems to be rather far distant, I venture to make a proposal to you, the acceptance of which would make me very happy. I offer myself to make up, from my own means, the sum still wanting for the erection of the monument, and ask no other privilege than that of naming the artist who shall execute the work. . . ."

Writing to Brendel (1854), he styles Rubinstein "the pseudo-Musician of the Future." He continues:

"He is a clever fellow, possessed of talent and character in an exceptional degree, and therefore no one can be more just to him than I have been for years. Still I do not want to preach to him—he may sow his wild oats and fish deeper in the Mendelssohn waters, and even swim away if he likes."

Of Hans von Bülow he writes to Lessman: "His knowledge, ability, experience are astounding, and border on the fabulous. Especially has he, by long years of study, so thoroughly steeped himself in the understanding of Beethoven, that it seems scarcely possible for any one else to approach nearer to him in that respect."

A brief note to Edvard Grieg indicates Liszt's esteem for this clever leader of the Young Northern School:

"I am very glad to tell you what pleasure it has given me to read your Sonata. It bears testimony to a talent of vigorous, reflective, and inventive composition of excellent quality,—which has only to follow its natural bent in order to rise to a high rank. . . ."

Chopin's genius is finely characterized in a letter to Lenz (1872):

"Let us reascend to Chopin, the enchanting aristocrat, the most refined in his magic. Pascal's epigraph, 'One must not get one's nourishment from it, but use it as one would an essence,' is only appropriate to a certain extent. Let us inhale the essence and leave it to the druggists to make use of it. You also, I think, exaggerate the influence which the Parisian salons exercised on Chopin. His soul was not in the least affected by them, and his work as an artist remains transparent, marvellous, ethereal, and of an incomparable genius—quite outside the errors of a school and the silly trifling

of a salon. He is akin to the angel and the fairy; more than this, he sets in motion the heroic string which has nowhere else vibrated with so much grandeur, passion, and fresh energy as in his *Polonaises*, which you brilliantly designate as 'Pindaric Hymns of Victory.'"

In a note to Schumann (1839) there is a playful touch worthy of Heine, which shows the master in a warmer light than usual. He says:

"As to the *Kinderszenen*, I owe to them one of the greatest pleasures of my life. You know, or you don't know, that I have a little girl of three years old, whom everybody agrees in considering *angelic* (did you ever hear such a commonplace?). Her name is Blandine-Rachel, and her surname *Moucheron*. It goes without saying that she has a complexion of roses and milk, and that her fair golden hair reaches to her feet—just like a savage. She is, however, the most silent child, the most sweetly grave, the most philosophically gay in the world. I have every reason to hope also that she will not be a musician, from which may Heaven preserve her!"

There is a fine ring of patriotic pride and wounded dignity in a letter (1840) to Buloz, editor of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." That the national honor paid him in his native Hungary should be confounded with the plaudits bestowed on an artist whose art lay (as Carlyle once put it) in "making a Manx penny of herself," was too much even for Liszt's serenity; and he wrote to the offending editor:

"In your *Revue Musicale* for October last my name was mixed up with the outrageous pretensions and exaggerated success of some execrable artists; I take the liberty to address a few remarks to you on this subject. The wreaths thrown at the feet of *Mesdemoiselles Elsäker and Pizis* by the amateurs of New York and Palermo are striking manifestations of the enthusiasm of a public; the sabre which was given to me at Pest is a reward given by a nation in an entirely national form. In Hungary, sir, in that country of antique and chivalrous manners, the sabre has a patriotic signification. It is the special token of manhood; it is the weapon of every man who has a right to carry a weapon. When six of the chief men of note in my country presented me with it amidst the acclamations of my compatriots, whilst at the same moment the towns of Pest and Oedenburg conferred upon me the freedom of the city, and the civic authorities of Pest asked His Majesty for letters of nobility for me, it was an act to acknowledge me afresh as a Hungarian, after an absence of fifteen years; it was a reward of some slight services rendered to Art in my country; it was especially, and so I felt it, to unite me gloriously to her by imposing on me serious duties, and obligations for life as man and as artist. I agree with you, sir, that it was, without doubt, going far beyond my deserts up to the present time. Therefore I saw in that solemnity the expression of a hope far more than of a satisfaction. Hungary hailed in me the man from whom she expects artistic illustriousness, after all the illustrious soldiers and politicians she has so plentifully produced. As a child I received from my country precious tokens of interest, and the means of going abroad to develop my artistic vocation. When

grown up, and after long years, the young man returns to bring her the fruits of his work and the future of his will, the enthusiasm of the hearts which open to receive him must not be confounded with the frantic demonstrations of an audience of amateurs. In placing these two things side by side it seems to me there is something which must wound a just national pride and sympathies by which I am honored."

While somewhat lacking, perhaps, on the personal side, the Letters of Liszt make an artistic biography, of rare inner truth and, form considered, fulness. The editing is helpful and thorough, and the translation acceptable. At one point the translator "misses it" rather oddly. Writing of the bringing out of the "Faust Symphony for 2 Pianofortes," Liszt went on to say, punning (like Homer, he sins once), "None the less . . . bully him [Schubert the publisher] into action with 'Faust-Recht'" — meaning, of course, with club-law, law of might. Miss Bache gravely renders it, in parenthesis, "Faust rights or Faust justice" — a small matter, but worth mending. There is a fine portrait of Liszt, and the work resembles in size and typography the Wagner-Liszt Letters.

In preparing a volume of Mendelssohn's letters, the editor, Mr. W. F. Alexander, has made a fair selection and an excellent translation, and Sir George Grove has added an Introduction which, like the annals of the poor, is "short and simple." Sir George tells us, first, that he was asked to write — which we should have taken for granted; and, second, that he approves of both author and editor — which will be gratifying to the latter. There are thirty-three letters in all, sixteen of them addressed to the writer's relatives, and the rest to Zelter, Moscheles, Pastor Schubring, von Falkenstein, Julius Rietz, and other friends and acquaintances. In the earlier ones there are some suggestive glimpses of Goethe, notably in an account of a family dinner at the poet's. Mendelssohn says:

"I found him outwardly unchanged, but at first somewhat silent and reserved; I fancy he must have wanted to observe me, but at the moment I felt disappointed, and thought to myself, 'Now he is always like that.'"

Presently, however, the talk turning on the Weimar "Women's Association" and the Weimar women's newspaper — matters in themselves provocative of Teutonic wit, —

"The old man all at once became jovial, and began to quiz the ladies about their philanthropy and their intellect, also about their subscriptions and their visitations of the sick, which seemed particularly to move his wrath. He appealed to me to join him in a revolt against these things, and, when I would not, he re-

turned to his former indifference, but at last he became more friendly and intimate than I had ever known him before. It was beyond everything! . . . After dinner, he all at once began to hum, 'Gute Kinder — hübsche Kinder müssen immer lustig sein — tolles Volk,' and his eyes grew like those of an old lion just falling asleep. So presently I had to play to him, and he said it was very strange to him to think how long it was since he had heard my music, and meanwhile great advances had been made and he knew nothing of them."

Goethe seems to have made unsparing drafts upon his young friend's abilities — both of exposition and execution. Says Mendelssohn:

"In the morning I have to play the piano to him for an hour, pieces from all the great composers arranged in the order of dates, and then explain to him how music has progressed in their hands; meanwhile he sits in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, and his old eyes flash fire. About Beethoven he was indifferent. But I said he must endure some, and played him the first movement of the symphony in C minor. It affected him very strangely. First he said, 'That does not touch one at all, it only astonishes one.' Then he murmured to himself, and said presently, 'It is very great, it is wild; it seems as though the house were falling; what must it be with the whole orchestra!'"

Mendelssohn was in Italy in 1830-31; and his letters from thence, especially the Roman ones, show how fully he was in harmony with his new surroundings. Like Goethe, he drank deep of the cup that Italia proffers to those who understand and love her, his descriptions recalling the poet's paradox that "one finds in Rome only what one brings there." But every one, the poorest, finds something; and the barrenest *Spießbürger*, who grunts his disapproval of the Pantheon and the tomb of the Scipios, relents before the wicker-bound Orvieto and the purple figs of Spoleto. Felix Mendelssohn brought to Rome a mind open and receptive to the best she had to offer. The traditions of her two-fold past, the memorials of the Emperors and the Pontiffs, alike filled him with a "measureless delight." "I proceeded with these free gifts of hers," he says, "very leisurely." One day it was a ramble in the Forum or on the Aventine, the next a visit to the Borghese Gallery, the Capitol, or the Vatican; "so each day is one never to be forgotten, and this sort of dallying leaves each impression firmer and stronger." Reading now for the first time the "Italian Journey," it pleases Mendelssohn to find that he and Goethe reached Rome on the same day, and that Goethe, too, went first to the Quirinal and heard a requiem there.

"He says also that at Florence and Bologna a sort of impatience took possession of him, and on arrival here he felt calm again, and, as he calls it, well-knit in mind; so I have experienced all he describes, a reflection which pleases me."

His reverence, however, for his "old hero" of Weimar results in no mean subservience of opinion. He can doubt his oracle where most men, or most Germans, would incline to accept the judgment as final. So when Goethe finds a certain Titian "meaningless" — a mere set scene or elegantly-arranged tableau, in the style of Veronese — Mendelssohn says:

"I flatter myself, however, that I have found a deep significance in this picture, and maintain that he is right who sees most in a Titian, for the man was simply divine. He, indeed, found no opportunity to display the whole breadth of his inspiration, as Raphael did here in the Vatican; yet one can never forget his three pictures at Venice, and this of the Vatican, which I first saw this morning, stands in a line with them."

Mendelssohn waxes wroth over the Philistinism of the artists he saw in Rome — a poor lot mostly, it seems, distinguished as a class chiefly by eccentricities of dress and manners. The chronic delusion that fustian coats, long hair and loose habits make the painter, was rife with these degenerate *pittori*, and their chief professional concern was to find, not the color-secret of Titian, but where the most brandy was to be had for the least money. Mendelssohn says:

"It is terrible to see them at their Café Greco. I seldom go there, for I am rather afraid of them and the place they haunt. It is a small dark room about eight paces wide; on one side it is permitted to smoke tobacco, on the other not. They sit round on the benches with their brigand-hats and their big bloodhounds; their throats, chins, and faces are entirely covered with hair, and they pour out dense volumes of smoke and exchange incivilities with one another while the dogs are exchanging their insects. A necktie or a frock-coat would be a modern weakness; all the face that's left by the beard is concealed by their spectacles; they swill their coffee and discourse of Titian and Pordennone as though these persons were sitting there with beards and brigand-hats like themselves. Their business is to paint sickly madonnas, rickety saints, and effeminate knights, things one longs to dash one's fist through. As for Titian's picture in the Vatican, which you ask about, these infernal critics have no respect for it. According to them it has neither subject nor conception, and it never occurs to one of them that a master who gave laborious days of love and reverence to a picture, may still have seen as far as they can through their glistening spectacles, and if all my life I never contrive to do anything else, I am resolved, at least, to be as rude as I can to people who have no respect for the great masters; that will be one good work accomplished."

The many who know Mendelssohn only through his music will find in this little book a fair test of his quality as a letter-writer — a character in which he is unusually attractive. The volume has a good portrait.

E. G. J.

SIGNS OF LIFE IN LITERATURE.*

There are in Paris during the Spring of the year a good many exhibitions of pictures which trouble the soul of the conscientious lover of the arts. Not only at the two great Salons are there generally certain alarming manifestations, but there are also smaller collections gathered together by Independents, Rosicrucians, or other such persons, in which the wildest gymnastics in the name of art are not only allowed but encouraged. Dazed and antagonized by these indulgences, the feeling of many an ordinary and honest art-lover must be, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Philistine." Fortunately, however, Paris herself furnishes an antidote to any such despair, in the annual exhibition of the pictures and sculptures entered in competition for the Prix de Rome. One goes to these shameless revelations of academic horror, and becomes in a great degree reconciled to the existence of new notions in art, however extravagant. They really do but little harm (except to their ingenious sponsors), and they are extremely useful in keeping up a healthy circulation of ideas.

Now I am not familiar with any evil things in literature analogous to these Prix de Rome exhibitions, unless perhaps we might count college oratorical contests and commencements. But the feeling that there might be something worse should make us look with benignity, if not pleasure, on such books as Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Crumbling Idols" and Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Different as they are in all other points, both books are of that foam and froth of literature which is indicative of true life and action somewhere, which is itself shortly blown away and lost to sight and remembrance.

Mr. Garland's book, we are informed by an unknown sponsor, is "a vigorous plea for the recognition of youth and a protest against the despotism of tradition." It might have been added that it is an assertion of the necessity of Americanism in American Literature. Surely these things are very good things, looked at in their ordinary light. But when we look at them in Mr. Garland's light, it must be confessed that the feeling is not one of approbation but of irritation. One is led to inquire, What

* CRUMBLING IDOLS. Twelve Essays on Art. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago and Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.

SALOME: A Tragedy in One Act. Translated from the French of Oscar Wilde. Pictured by Aubrey Beardsley. Boston: Copeland & Day.

earthly use can there be in Mr. Garland's saying all this? For the main points in Mr. Garland's discourse are by no means new. He takes Walt Whitman's thesis as to a native literature, looks at it in the light of the experience of the last twenty-five years, and puts forth the whole thing as his own prophecy for the future.

As one reads "Crumbling Idols" it comes more and more strongly to mind that the book is a sort of apology for existence on the part of its author. Now Mr. Garland of course need make no such apology. "Main Travelled Roads" and "Prairie Songs" are reasons enough for anyone's existing, temporarily. They are their own excuse for being; no one doubted the fact, until Mr. Garland set himself to force us into admitting it. For, unfortunately, Mr. Garland is not persuasive: he is bellicose, obstreperous, blatan. Nobody could possibly agree with him, whatever he said.

The real difficulty seems to be that Mr. Garland, being himself able to write excellent things of a certain sort, cannot conceive that there can be anything else excellent of a kind totally different. Feeling himself very virtuous, he becomes enraged that anyone else should venture to be still attached to cakes and ale. Now this is all wrong. Literature in America may never come to anything without plenty of local color and provincialism (to use Mr. Garland's expressions), but it will never be a great literature so long as it has nothing besides. Mr. Garland would do us but poor service if he could persuade people to write nothing but "local novels."

But of course one need not take the book very seriously. Mr. Garland's engrossing fear seems to be that Americans will turn their entire attention to writing "blank-verse tragedies on Columbus or Washington," or that they will "copy the last epics of feudalism." Such an apprehension seems to have very slight basis. It is probable that during the last year there have been thousands of what Mr. Garland would call "local" stories written by young America for every single blank-verse tragedy or epic of feudalism that has seen the light this side the Atlantic. Everybody writes "local" stories nowadays; it is as natural as whooping-cough. There is no need of encouragement: to tell the truth, a little restraint would do no harm. For, even with the best of intentions, one may write a "local" story so badly that it will be worse than a blank-verse tragedy on Washington or anybody else,

But to turn from such serious foolishness to a more sprightly trifter. Mr. Oscar Wilde never troubles one with taking himself too seriously, and the history of "Salome" is Oscar Wilde all over. It was written in French and produced in Paris. Desirous then of favoring his own countrymen, Mr. Wilde made preparation to present it in London. In this worthy attempt, however, he was hindered — so the papers told us — by some official folly which enraged him so much that he was even strongly tempted to stop being an Englishman, in favor of that less imbecile people across the Channel. But not wishing to keep his anger forever, Mr. Wilde finally allowed his noble friend Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas to do the play into English. It was then "pictured," as the phrase is, by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and is now ready for the delight of a somewhat indifferent world.

Such an extraordinary conjunction of affectations is ominous. But, strangely enough, there are some things in "Salome" that are good. It is impossible to read it without feeling curiously moved and stirred. The careless talk of the loungers on the terrace, the soldiers and the Cappadocian, is good; the squabbling of the Jews, the Pharisee, the Sadducee, the Nazarene, is good. So, also, is Herod, — indeed the character of Herod is quite the best conceived thing in the play, as his description of his treasure is the best written. The play may well have been very effective on the stage, for there is a constant feeling of movement, of life, and it is certainly worth reading now that it is published.

With all this, however, the play is wholly ephemeral. Its action is trivial and its dialogue affected. Its ideas, and its language too, are extravagances, without much more foundation than the extravagances of Mr. Hamlin Garland. But while in Mr. Garland we have the prophet of Literature as Life, we have in Mr. Wilde the follower of Literature as Art. Mr. Garland is a "veritist," and prefers the fresh novelties of nature. But Mr. Wilde seeks beauty, in art and art's most latent subtleties. He contrives expressions and conceptions of the most curious and self-conscious refinement, of the strangest and most ultra-precious distinction. As ever, he scorns the ordinary, the every-day, the generally pleasing, and is unrelenting to attain the romantic beauty, the strange, the wonderful, the remote, the reward of no art but the most devoted, the delight of no taste but the most distinguished.

As such, his work lends itself eminently to

the illustration of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.* Mr. Aubrey Beardsley receives a good many hard words nowadays,—and certainly his pictures are strange things, more affected than Oscar Wilde himself, and more remote from obvious apprehension. What one is first inclined to criticise in Mr. Beardsley is his lack of originality. His pictures remind us of almost every phase of art that has ever existed; or, at any rate, of every phase which had ever a tinge of the grotesque or the trivial in its character. From the bald priestly pictures mingled among Egyptian hieroglyphics, down to the graceful frivolities of Willette of the Red Windmill, Mr. Beardsley seems to have laid everything under contribution. His work seems by turns one thing and then another—Japanese, Gothic, Preraphaelite, what you will. So it seems at first. But the great excellence is that, however Protean, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, like Satan in "Paradise Lost," is always himself, even in the midst of his disguises. Just what is his own quality, is hard to say; but there can be little doubt that it exists, and it would be worth somebody's while to determine it in the shifting dazzle of his influences,—to fix it for an instant for us, to get its true character and flavor unadulterated. But whatever be his quality, it is eminently in keeping with the work of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

Of our two literary eccentrics, some will prefer Mr. Wilde and some Mr. Garland. If they could be seized each with an admiration for the other, it would have an excellent effect on the work of both. But even as they are, they are good evidence of life in literature, and an assurance that it will not yet awhile harden down into utter conventionalism.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

* Characteristic of author and artist is the tribute of admiration which we see in the portrait of the former, opposite page 24. That Mr. Wilde should care to be presented to the world with the sensual lips, sodden eyes, and double chin, that are here so conscientiously pictured, is a somewhat remarkable thing.

RAMBLES AND REFLECTIONS OF A LOVER OF NATURE.*

William Allingham, during his life, was known almost exclusively as a poet; but a three-volume edition of "Varieties in Prose," just published by his wife, proves him to have been a delightful prose writer as well. "Patricius Walker" he calls himself in the first two vol-

* VARIETIES IN PROSE. By William Allingham. In three volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

umes, which consist of "Rambles" through England, Scotland, and Wales, and furnish the opportunity for much charming description of natural scenery, flavored with literary and artistic comment and generalizations. Few experiences in life are more enjoyable than long and leisurely out-door strolls through a pleasing country, with a chatty companion who has an eye for the picturesque, a well-stored mind, and a ready fancy. Something of the same satisfaction we feel in these books; for the time being, we are fellow-ramblers with Patricius, and share in his quiet but responsive moods. He calls attention to much that would have escaped our own more prosaic eyes and minds: while the physical aspects of the country might have been apparent, its sentiment and associations would probably have continued unrevealed. For example, Winchester is perhaps not specially interesting to the average man, but our companion recalls that it was here, one Sunday evening, "a certain young poet—now forever young," felt and sung the rich sadness of Autumn.

"Young Keats's gaze that Sunday evening was upon the Winchester stubble-fields like a spiritual setting-sun, and left them lying enchanted in its fadeless light. . . . After all, it is permissible to believe, the poet draws the best lot from Fortune's urn. Whom could he envy? Not alone is his delight in life the keenest, but his insight the most veracious. Yet, ah me! how thin-skinned he is—how open to suffering—how sure to suffer, in a world such as this! Is it partly the world's fault for being such a world? Was Keats, pensive among the sheaves, a happier man than Hodge, who reaped them, and quaffed his ale-cup at the harvest-home? 'Happier'—what is *happiness*? Would any man deliberately give up a grain of his intellect or sensibility to win a lower kind of happiness than he was born capable of?—escape suffering by stupidity? Here truly is a catechism of questions, and food for meditation."

We get very close to our companion's idiosyncrasies, know his likes and dislikes, and though not always agreeing, learn to expect something spontaneous and entertaining at each step of the way. A cathedral service on a British Sunday he finds a great resource, and "the sermon keeps it from appearing too pleasant—a set-off against the music and the architecture." As an easy and most valuable reform in the Church of England, he suggests the total abolition of sermons in connection with the ordinary service. Modern life, whether public or private, does not interest him; it is neither romantic nor picturesque, and nothing arouses his indignation more than to see an old building "restored" (that is, defaced) by modern hands. Words cannot express his disgust at what he calls the *uglifiers* of the world. He

admits that such an evil may be sometimes absolutely unavoidable, like shaving a sick man's head, or cutting off his leg; but the necessity ought to be clear and real, not, as is so often the case, a pretended need, generated in a compost of stupidity, weak desire of novelty, and some kind of low self-interest. On this point he says:

"The world is not ours absolutely, or any part of it; but only ours *in trust*. We have 'a user' as the lawyers say, and that without prejudice to all others, born or to be born. Pray, how can mortal do, in a common way, worse turn to mankind than by permanently lessening the world's beauty, in landscape, in architecture, in dress, in (what is sure to go with the rest) manners, tastes, sympathies? An evil governor, or the writer of a clever vile book, perhaps does worse, but that is not in a common way."

But we prefer to quote our friend when he is in his usual more serene mood. The true poet's power of seeing the beautiful in the common is quickly stirred in him. This is what he finds in an idle hour at the little railway-station of Wimbourne Minster:

"Narrow streets hem in the Minster. I first reached the market-place, an irregular open; and then, through bye-lanes, a pretty field-path on the west side of the town, where, amidst broad meadows, guarded north and south by heavily wooded slopes, winds the tranquil Stour, with deep pools, where, looking into the transparent water, I could see some of the inhabitants, little pike at feed, who know nothing of Wimbourne, or Dorset, or the South Western Railways, but have their own towns and districts and lines of travelling. Two young ladies came along the path from the town, sat down on the grassy margin close to an island or promontory shaded with tall green withes, and began to read unknown mysterious books; it was poetry, I felt sure, and finer than any I have yet seen in print. Yet could I have looked over their shoulder it would doubtless have changed into —. The damsels themselves seemed, in that sunny spring meadow by the clear river, more than semi-celestial; yet already their features have mingled irrevocably with the cloudy past."

Patricius believes firmly in the educating power of fair and noble landscape. Even the peasant, who does not consciously notice it, is better for the beauty, as he is better for the pure air he unconsciously breathes, and he would soon miss both. Yet our enthusiastic Nature-lover is forced to admit that even the most responsive do not at all times feel Nature's charms. Like other pleasures, it is apt to evade too eager pursuit. One may find the mountain or the cataract, but cannot always command the mood for enjoying them. Often, in the fairest scenes, we may repeat Coleridge's line,

"I see, not feel, that it is fair,"

and unawares, in some happy hour or moment, "reap the harvest of a quiet eye."

Inspired by a stroll through Devonshire lanes, and the sight of Dean Prior where Robert Herrick was vicar two centuries ago, he treats us to a disquisition on Herrick's poetry, comparing him to Martial, and calling him by names less harsh than are sometimes used. Robert Herrick is a name that echoes pleasantly, after all, and he can drink a health to the "half-disreputable shade" who was so unlike his contemporary brother-poet and brother-clergyman whose memories are also revived — the "almost too respectable vicar of Fuggleston, near Salisbury — George Herbert!"

The "Rambles" come to an end with the second volume. In the third are seven Irish Sketches, and about as many essays on various literary themes, all agreeable though not remarkable. Like most poets, Mr. Allingham seems to have had some ambition towards drama, and the work concludes with a serio-comic play in one act, "Hopgood & Co." Being far inferior to the rest of the collection, it might better have been omitted. The publishers have given the book a beautiful dress, and a pleasing photograph of the author, from a drawing by his wife, serves as frontispiece.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

FOLK-TALES OF NOVA SCOTIAN INDIANS.*

The Algonkin family of Indian tribes was one of the most widely spread in America. To it belonged tribes so different as the Blackfeet of the far West, the Sacs and Foxes and the Ojibways of the interior, the Delawares of Pennsylvania, and the New England Indians. To it, too, the Micmacs of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island belong. The Rev. Silas Tertius Rand — in many ways a remarkable man — was for forty years or more a missionary to this tribe. Scholarly in his tastes and profoundly interested in the people among whom he labored, he gathered a great mass of material, both linguistic and mythological, of much value. Part of this material is in the volume before us. It contains eighty-seven stories, of varying interest and importance, simply told.

There is already considerable Algonkin folklore in print. Ojibway legends have been often studied and told with more or less of accuracy. Mr. George Bird Grinnell has beautifully put the Blackfeet Lodge-Tales into English.

* LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS. By Silas Tertius Rand. (Wellesley Philological Publications.) New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Others have busied themselves with other tribes; and Mr. Charles G. Leland has given us in his "Algonkin Legends of New England"—a wonderful book—stories from the Indians of Maine and Nova Scotia. In fact, Mr. Leland's book contains many of these very Micmac legends, for he was permitted by Mr. Rand to make liberal use of the manuscript of these in preparing his book. Thus, much of the choicest part of Mr. Rand's book was already in print. It is, however, very desirable to have—as here—the whole collection in the very form in which it was gathered.

The reader is at once impressed with the profound difference between the best of these Micmac tales and those of the more Western tribes of the Algonkin group—such as the Blackfeet. They are more massive in structure, bolder in conception, more wild in spirit. This is true only of those which are plainly untouched by modern European influence. There are some stories in the collection which are plainly modifications of European fairy-tales of recent introduction. Most of this latter class betray themselves, but are interesting as illustrations of myth-changes due to new conditions.

Curious heroes figure in the better of these stories: giants, magicians, *chenoo*. The Algonkins have sorcerers, and medicine and magic were realities in their old life; they figure in these stories. The great hero is Glooskap. He is a mighty magician, kind usually, ready to help the poor and punish the bad, a joker withal whose jokes are sometimes rather grim. He knows the language of beast and bird, he can control nature's powers (though with curious limitations), he can change the size and form of himself or others. Cheated and robbed, he can yet overtake his spoilers and put them to confusion. As he can grant fulfilment of wishes, he is much sought by men; but often, in granting their desires, he shows them their folly and weakness. Very common, too, in Micmac stories is it to hear of the remarkable adventures of the Rabbit. He is cunning and has great "medicine" power, but he is hasty and thoughtless, often putting himself into strange predicaments, although he usually comes forth the victor. But most curious of all the curious beings in Micmac stories are the *Chenoo*—dreadful, wild, cannibalistic, with heart of ice, endowed with more than human powers for both good and ill, but seldom exercising the power. Scarcely anywhere will we find a more beautiful bit in folk-lore than

the story of the *Chenoo* converted by kindness. His savage nature is tamed by love, but with the change comes, necessarily, death. Some of the legends are, or appear to be, simple narratives of real events—battles, incidents of tribal history; in some of these there is no improbability in the narrative, in others an element of magic enters in which weakens our faith. From these to pure hero myths is not a long step. The modified fairy-stories of Europe, but recently introduced, are interesting. They are plainly exotic, but they often have acquired some new flavor and undergone some curious modification. A fair example is the story of "The Magical Food, Belt, and Flute." The widow's stupid son Jack goes to sell a cow to get money for the rent; he is inveigled into parting with it for an apparent trifle—a tiny dish with a bit of food upon it. A second-cow goes for a belt, and a third one for a flute. All are magical, but will not pay the rent, and the mother is in despair. Of course the stupid boy with his magical treasures gets the rent remitted, seeks his fortune and marries a king's daughter.

The most interesting fact in these Micmac stories remains to be stated. In many points they show unquestionable and startling resemblance to old Scandinavian sagas. This resemblance has been well stated and ably discussed by Mr. Leland, to whose book we must refer for the argument. Sometime, somehow, somewhere, a Scandinavian influence deep and profound has come into the life and thought of the olden Micmacs; the resemblance is too great and too minute to be of no significance. And here, curiously, is a vital matter, so far as the book before us is concerned. The late Professor Horsford's interest in Norse settlement of New England is well known. Everyone has heard of "Norumbega" and Professor Horsford's belief that he had discovered the very site of that "city of the past." There is no doubt that it was the Norse strain in these Micmac legends which led him to purchase Dr. Rand's manuscripts and present them to Wellesley College. It was his belief that "traces of the Northmen might be found in these Indian tales, and that the language of the Micmacs might, upon closer study, reveal the impress of the early Norse invaders. In this belief he helped toward the publication of the material. "The Legends of the Micmacs" is the first of the "Wellesley Philological Publications." It is edited by Miss Helen L. Webster, and is, we hope, only the forerunner of a

valuable series of volumes. The Library of American Linguistics of Wellesley College is rich both in manuscripts and printed material. Of Mr. Rand's manuscripts it possesses nearly all, amounting to more than a score of volumes upon Micmac and Maliseet. Of his printed works it has a fine series of about fifty numbers; of the Bible in various Indian languages it has a notable collection; and Major Powell's private collection of over a thousand linguistic papers and books is in its keeping. From such a wealth of matter we shall expect to receive important results. A second volume is already in preparation; it will consist of grammatical material from the Micmac language. Besides gathering this library and publishing these volumes, the college is moving toward instruction in American Linguistics and Ethnology. A beginning has been made, with a small class, under Miss Webster. Workers in anthropology everywhere will watch the growth and development of this promising work with great interest.

FREDERICK STARR.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*More of the
Letters of
FitzGerald.*

If there are in the English language any more delightful letters than those of Edward FitzGerald, we would not at this moment venture to name them. Cowper's, much belated; Shelley's, with their sweetness and dignity; Thackeray's, with their boyish exuberance—even these seem less attractive when one is permitted to enjoy the intimacy of Omar's translator. Lamb's?—but "comparisons are odorous." Those who already have the "Letters and Literary Remains" will none the less welcome the new edition of the "Letters" (Macmillan), and will find a place for them upon the shelf, for divers reasons. First of all, they are prettily published in two "Eversley" volumes; second, there are some forty hitherto unpublished letters; third, there is a good index to the whole. If these be not sufficient reasons, we know nought of logic. The happy reader will of course begin by picking out all the plums (being the new letters)—if we may apply the metaphor to a pudding which is all plums; he will then read the old letters over again. Last of all, he will rejoice (while impatient of delay) at the announcement of Mr. William Aldis Wright, the editor, who promises a wholly new volume to be devoted to the letters written by FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble. The new letters contained in the present edition are addressed to a number of people. Fully half of them are added to those of which Professor E. B. Cowell was the fortunate original recipient, and from these are the following selections. Writing in 1857, Fitz-

Gerald says: "In truth I take old Omar rather more as my property than yours: he and I are more akin, are we not? You see all [his] Beauty, but you don't feel *with* him in some respects as I do. I think you would almost feel obliged to leave out the part of Hamlet in representing him to your Audience, for fear of Mischief. Now I do not wish to show Hamlet at his maddest: but mad he must be shown, or he is no Hamlet at all. G. de Tassy eluded all that was dangerous, and all that was characteristic. I think these *free* opinions are less dangerous in an old Mahometan, or an old Roman (like Lucretius), than when they are returned to by those who have lived on happier Food." Two years later, after telling his friend of a great bereavement, he writes: "Well, this is so: and there is no more to be said about it. It is one of the things that reconcile me to my own stupid Decline of Life—to the crazy state of the world—Well—no more about it. I sent you poor old Omar, who has *his* kind of Consolation for all these Things. I doubt you will regret you ever introduced him to me. . . . I hardly know why I print any of these things, which nobody buys; and I scarce now see the few I give them to. But when one has done one's best, and is sure that that best is better than so many will take pains to do, though far from the best that *might be done*, one likes to make an end of the matter by Print. I suppose very few People have taken such Pains in Translation as I have: though certainly not to be literal. But at all Cost, a Thing must *live*: with a transfusion of one's own worse Life if one can't retain the Original's better. Better a live Sparrow than a stuffed Eagle." The following characteristic bit is dated 1863: "Oh dear, when I do look into Homer, Dante, and Virgil, Æschylus, Shakespeare, etc., those Orientals look silly! Don't resent my saying so. *Don't* they? I am now a good [deal] about in a new Boat I have built, and thought (as Johnson took Cocker's Arithmetic with him on travel, because he should n't exhaust it) so I would take Dante and Homer with me, instead of Mudie's Books which I read through directly. I took Dante by way of slow Digestion: not having looked at him for some years: but I am glad to find I relish him as much as ever: he atones with the Sea; as you know does the 'Odyssey'—these are the Men." We note that Mr. Wright has omitted from this edition (as was proper) the reference to Mrs. Browning which gave such offence to her husband, and impelled him to an outburst of temper, which, however great the provocation, must always be regarded as deplorable. The only reference to Browning in the present edition is a new one, dated 1882, and with it we end our extracts: "Browning told Mrs. Kemble he knew there was 'a grotesque side' to his society, etc., but he could not refuse the kind solicitations of his Friends, Furnival and Co. Mrs. K. had been asked to join: but declined, because of her somewhat admiring him; nay, much admiring what he might have done."

*Language and
Linguistic Method
in the School.*

No more valuable contribution to the pedagogy of a special branch of education has been made in recent years than the series of "Lectures on Language and Linguistic Method in the School," delivered in the University of Cambridge, by Prof. S. S. Laurie, of the University of Edinburgh, which first appeared in 1890, and a new edition of which has lately been published (James Thin, Edinburgh). The new edition is improved in several respects. The quantity of matter has been increased from 147 pages to 197 pages; all the lectures have been rewritten in part, the matter has been rearranged with a view to make the volume more suitable as a text-book; and a lecture on the teaching of French has been added, as well as a supplement. In no other way can the scope of the book so well be given as to present the heads of lectures. "Language the Supreme Instrument in Education"; "The Real and Formal in Language"; "Language as a Real Study Conveying Substance of Thought" (three lectures); "Language as a Formal Study"; "Grammar of the Vernacular Tongue"; "Language as Literature"; "Foreign Tongues, Latin as Type"; "Method of Teaching Latin"; "Method of Teaching Foreign Languages"; "Language *vs.* Science in the School." These lectures are all marked by that clearness of thought and expression, and that completeness and balance of view, which are so characteristic of their author. The volume opens with this suggestive paragraph: "Every human being is educated by the experiences of life. The experiences begin very early. The babe at its mother's breast is receiving impressions for good or for evil as certainly as a seed, which has just begun to sprout, is already absorbing from the soil what is to make it or mar it as a vigorous plant of its kind. Thereafter, as the child walks *non æquis passibus* at his mother's side, the whole world of nature is seeking to form him. Earth and sky, the events of his little life, the words and acts, nay, even the gestures, of those about him, are all busy in the work of his education. Unconsciously at first, and thereafter consciously, he is organising into himself the vast and infinite material of outer impression and inner feeling. Every human being undergoes this process of education; and it is not at all a question whether he is to be educated or not, but simply *how* and to *what end* he is to be educated." A passage on the meaning and influence of the mother-tongue is also well worth quoting: "Mind grows only in so far as it finds expression for itself; it cannot find it through a foreign tongue. It is round the language learned at the mother's knee that the whole life of feeling, emotion, thought, gathers. If it were possible for a child or boy to live in two languages at once equally well, so much the worse for him. His intellectual and spiritual growth would not thereby be doubled, but halved. Unity of mind and of character would have great difficulty in asserting itself in such circumstances. Language, remember, is at best only symbolic of a world of consciousness, and almost

every word is rich in unexpressed associations of experience which give it its full value for the life of mind. Subtleties, and delicacies, and refinements of feeling and perception are, at best, only suggested by the words we use. The major part lies deep in our conscious or half-conscious life, and is the source of the tone and colour of language, and of its wide-reaching unexpressed relations. Words, accordingly, must be steeped in life to be living; and as we have not two lives, but only one, so we can have only one language."

*Contemporary
Thought and
Thinkers.*

Two volumes of leaders and reviews written for the London "Spectator" by Mr. Richard Holt Hutton have been collected under the title, "Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers" (Macmillan). They range over the past twenty years, and include articles upon such men as Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, Dickens, Mill, Arnold, Renan, Maurice, Bagehot, Darwin, Stanley, Church, and Newman. They also include reviews of many remarkable works, such as Carlyle's "Reminiscences," Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Essays," Mill's "Autobiography," Morison's "The Service of Man," Dr. Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory," and some of Tennyson's later poems. The papers are all brief, but several are often devoted to the same subject. There are groups of four each upon Carlyle and Dr. Martineau, of three each upon Mill and Mr. Stephen, and a group of no less than eight upon Sir John Lubbock's studies of insect life. These groups produce something of the effect of extensive essays, and serve to make the book less fragmentary than at first appears. It will be seen from the above incomplete enumeration of topics that the papers touch upon a wide range of subjects; it might almost be said that no movement or tendency of the last twenty years, having to do with religious philosophy or the spiritual life, escapes the author's attention. Mr. Hutton's standpoint and the solidity of his culture are well known to thoughtful readers, and to such only do these volumes appeal. He is a journalist, but his journalism is so dignified as to make the name almost a misnomer. His position upon philosophical and religious questions—and with him the two are almost one—is ultra-conservative; he is entrenched behind a barricade of prejudices, and from their shelter conducts a skilfully defensive campaign. One must not expect from him anything like sympathetic treatment of such men as Arnold and Renan, for example; the spirit of such men seems almost wholly to escape him. But he is always urbane, or nearly always. In the case of Clifford, indeed, his temper nearly deserts him, but then Clifford *was* exasperating at times. And the author pays for his lapse into something like invective by allowing himself to be detected in such puerile reasoning as the following: "If Professor Clifford's theory were worth anything, consciousness would develop *pari passu* with the organic development of all forms of matter, and we ought to have as much consciousness behind the action of the motor nerves as

behind the action of the sensitive nerves, as much consciousness of the growth of our hair, as of the flush on our cheeks or the music in our ears." We might extract equally childish passages from what is said upon that dangerous subject of free will and moral responsibility. We are almost tempted to say that Mr. Hutton is too good a writer to be an exact thinker. His rhetoric is doubtless of a high character, but his fate is nevertheless that of far cheaper rhetoricians: he is entangled in the network of his own verbiage. Still, he has a point of view, and those who wish to know what can be said from that point of view upon the most serious aspects of modern thought cannot do better than read these volumes.

*Teaching—
its Principles
and Practice.*

Mr. Joseph Landon, the author of "Principles and Practice of Teaching" (Macmillan), tells us in his preface that his work is "the outcome of nearly a quarter of a century's experience as lecturer on school management in a training college, and of a still larger experience as a teacher, as well as of a considerable amount of reading, and of numerous observations and experiments in teaching carried out at various times and in various ways"; and the work itself amply confirms this testimony. He has produced, not an original or a brilliant book, but a useful one, well thought out, solid, and methodical from cover to cover. He adheres to the tradition in including "principles" as well as "practice"; but, as he frankly tells us, the book treats the subject "on the art side rather than on the scientific side," so that it may be of as thoroughly practical and useful a character as possible. Still, the underlying science he has carefully kept in mind. The art of the experienced teacher—and of the experienced teacher of teachers—is apparent in the minuteness of the discussion, and in the detail with which the analysis is carried out. While this minutiae and detail may commend the book to many private readers, it will not conduce to its popularity as a text-book, at least in the United States. Like all the new books of like character, this one emphasizes the study and teaching of English. Mr. Landon pronounces the neglect of the study of the subject in England "astonishing"; and he fortifies his general argument with this neat quotation: "That a language should be, as English is, so apt and clear in expression as to commend itself to almost universal use, so wide and full in its capacity to voice high thought and deep feeling as to win universal acclaim, and yet should be comparatively worthless for the training of its own children, is a paradox that falls below the dignity of a tolerable joke."

*Bibliography in
its historical and
artistic aspects.*

Sumptuousness in all details of form, paper, type, presswork, and illustrations, characterizes "Bibliographica," a quarterly magazine of bibliography in its historical and artistic aspects, issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in connection with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. of London. The

plan of publication is certainly novel. The first number made its appearance early in April, and the last will be issued at the end of 1896. Subscriptions are only received for the complete set of twelve parts, payable yearly in advance. Only as many sets will be issued as are subscribed for in advance, and subscribers are thus guaranteed against broken sets and depreciation in value. The publishers believe that an opportunity has now presented itself to give to those interested a series of papers by writers of authority on various points of book-lore which require special treatment, without being of sufficient importance to be made the subject of separate works. A special feature in the magazine will be the admission of articles in French as well as English. In Part I., Mr. W. Y. Fletcher writes on "A Copy of Celsus from the Library of Grolier"; Mr. Charles I. Elton on "Christina of Sweden and her Books"; M. Octave Uzanne on "La Bibliophile Moderne"; Mr. E. Gordon Duff on "The Stationers at the Sign of the Trinity"; Mr. Alfred W. Pollard on "The Books of Hours of Geoffroy Tory"; while Mr. Andrew Lang writes felicitously about "Names and Notes in Books." Names are to be preferred to book-plates, Mr. Lang thinks, and he finds appropriate and inoffensive such pointed notes as that written by Sir Walter Scott on a fly-leaf of Maule's "History of the Picts": "Very rare, therefore worth a guinea; very senseless, therefore not worth a shilling." A word must be added in commendation of the decorative initials and tail-pieces specially designed by Mr. Laurence Housman. To the individual collector, the librarian, the professional bibliographer, and the book-lover, if not to the general reader, "Bibliographica" will not make its appeal in vain.

*Leaves from
a Parisian
Note-Book.*

"My Paris Note-Book" (Lippincott), an aftermath of memories by that amusing *quidnunc* who set us all guessing some months ago with his "An Englishman in Paris," should find favor with lovers of light literature. Like its predecessor, the book is a racy medley of stories and pen-pictures of notable people—Louis Napoleon, Renan, Thiers, Victor Emmanuel, Grévy, Simon, de Kock, MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, de Musset, etc. From the mass of quotable matter we select one extract—a caustic newspaper hit at Thiers: "The Minister of the Interior is no doubt the man who in a given time can 'spout' the greatest number of words and 'squirt' the largest number of verbal blue-bottles upon the air. He is, moreover, the man who can talk for the longest period without taking trouble to think. As a rule, one idea is all-sufficient for him; one idea, and a tumbler of water with a lump of sugar in it. With these, M. Thiers will go on prating for twenty-four hours at a stretch, like the skilful wire-drawer who from an ounce of metal will produce twenty-four leagues of wire." The book is a capital one for dog-day reading, and contains a good many odds and ends of curious information withal.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Mark Samuel, of Columbia College, publishes "The Amateur Aquarist" (Baker & Taylor Co.), a little book of instructions on the subject of aquaria. The preface, commendably brief, is as follows: "A collection of simply-expressed suggestions to amateur aquarists is all this book claims to be. Its descriptions are terse, tried, and true." The book gives full and exact information about the collection of fresh-water fishes and plants, and tells how they are to be kept alive and in good health. It is simply written and well illustrated.

What is described as a "first series" of "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights" comes to us with the imprints of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The text is selected from Galland, and edited *virginibus puerisque* by Miss E. Dixon, of Girton College. There are fifteen tales in this volume, among them being the seven voyages of Sindbad, whose name is unaccountably printed "Sinbad." The illustrations of the book, by Mr. J. D. Batten, are its most striking feature, and are very artistic, particularly the five full-page plates. We hope that there will be as many more series of this work as there are "Nights" to fill them. Among books for the young not one in a hundred deserves such hearty commendation as this.

We quote the preface of Mr. T. M. Clark's "Building Superintendence" (Macmillan) as the best description of a work of value so approved that it has now reached its twelfth edition. "This is not a treatise on the architectural art, or the science of construction, but a simple exposition of the ordinary practice of building in this country, with suggestions for supervising such work efficiently. Architects of experience probably know already nearly everything that the book contains, but their younger brethren, as well as those persons not of the profession who are occasionally called upon to direct building operations, will perhaps be glad of its help."

Mr. Frederick Jones Bliss, in "A Mound of Many Cities" (Macmillan), describes the excavations carried on from 1890 to 1893 by officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund at Tell el Hesi, a mound situated in Judea, between Hebron and Gaza. The Tell in question was about sixty feet high, and was found to contain the ruins of no less than eight cities, in superimposed strata. The conjectural chronology of these cities, fairly well supported by the evidence, ranges from about 1700 B.C. to 400 B.C. The book is extraordinarily interesting; hardly less so to the general reader than to the archaeologist and historian.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, June 25, 1894.

The death of Howard Seely by his own hand at the home of his parents in Brooklyn last Friday night was a severe shock to his many friends among the younger men of letters in this city. Only a few of them knew that he was subject to recurrent attacks of insanity, especially in the early summer of each year. At other times he preserved a cheerful interested manner which endeared him to all who knew him. Edward Howard Seely, Jr., to give his full name, was a member of the Class of 1878 at Yale, where he distinguished himself in literary work, becoming one of the editors of the

"Yale Literary Magazine." Two years later he graduated at the Columbia law school, but overstudy brought on attacks of nervous prostration and he was obliged to abandon his profession. He then travelled in Texas and through the Southwest, and thus gained the material which he made use of in his stories, which somewhat resemble in scope and character those of Mr. Owen Wister. Mr. Seely's first volume, "A Lone Star Bo-peep, and Other Tales of Texan Ranch Life," was published in 1885, and has been followed by "A Ranchman's Stories," "A Nymph of the West," "The Jonah of Lucky Valley," and one or two others. He was a member of the Authors Club, and for sometime held an assistant-editorship on the newly-revived "Peterson's Magazine," for which he wrote quite freely.

"The Publisher's Weekly" prints a report of the proceedings in the German Reichstag in relation to the Copyright treaty with this country, referred to in my letter of May 1. In reply to the petition to annul the treaty on account of the unfairness of the Copyright Act to Germans, the Royal Commissioner, Dr. Lehmann, "advised strongly against annulling the treaty, as by so doing the branches now fully protected (music, art works, maps, etc.) would again fall into the hands of ruthless plunderers without anything being gained for authors or publishers of books. He hoped that little by little the terms of contract could be modified, and felt sure that Americans themselves would realize more and more the weaknesses of the Copyright Act, for which so many had made so brave a struggle, submitting to the restriction of the unsatisfactory clause only because without it the whole Copyright question would again have dropped for years. After a short debate, in which all the speakers showed a remarkably full knowledge of the situation, it was decided to refer the proceedings and further action to the Reichskanzler." This would indicate a conciliatory attitude on the part of the German government, and that little is to be feared from the recent aggressiveness of German publishers.

The "Overheard in Arcady" of Mr. Robert Bridges, so warmly praised by your reviewer, has reached a second edition, of which the Messrs. Dent & Co. of London will be the English publishers. The American publishers of this book, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, are to bring out in book form the lectures recently delivered at Oxford by Mr. James A. Froude on the Life and Writings of Erasmus. This firm will also publish in America Mr. Gladstone's translations of the odes of Horace.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Theodore Stanton, who was the resident commissioner in France of the Columbian Exposition, has been invited to prepare the European chapter for the official history of the Fair to be published by the Federal government. Among the contributors to this chapter will be the Hon. Andrew D. White, American minister to Russia, and Col. Frederick D. Grant, ex-minister to Austria. Mr. Stanton is also busily engaged on a series of lectures on the third French republic, which are to be delivered at Cornell University and later at the University of Wisconsin.

Some of the friends and admirers of Walt Whitman who have for some time met annually at Philadelphia on the occasion of his birthday, inaugurated at their last meeting, May 31, a Walt Whitman Fellowship, which is intended to be international in character. The purpose of the association is not entirely literary, but for human advancement according to Whitman's ideas. Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, of Philadelphia, has been chosen

president. Any person can become a member by declaring himself such to the secretary and upon payment of small annual dues.

The removal of the firm of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. from 1, 3, and 5 Bond street to 72 Fifth avenue, where they will occupy the new building at the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Thirteenth street, is in harmony with the uptown movement of New York publishers. When the founder of the house—Daniel Appleton—came to New York from Boston in 1825, he began the importation of English books in connection with other business in Exchange Place. The book business was in charge of his oldest son, William Henry Appleton, the present head of the firm, who has well earned his title as the Nestor of American publishers, occupying as he does in this country a place similar to that held by the late John Murray in England. After a short stay in Exchange Place, Daniel Appleton removed to Clinton Hall, Beekman street, and devoted himself entirely to the importation and sale of books. In 1835 William H. Appleton was sent to London, where he founded an agency. The first publishing venture of the firm was a little 32mo book called "Daily Crumbs from the Master's Table," issued in 1831. In January, 1838, William H. Appleton was taken into partnership, and the firm removed to 200 Broadway. In 1848 Daniel Appleton retired, and W. H. Appleton formed a partnership with his brother, John Adams Appleton. Three other sons subsequently became partners—Daniel Sidney, George Swett, and Samuel Francis. The business was removed from 200 Broadway to the old Society Library building at Broadway and Leonard street. The next removal of the firm was to 443-5 Broadway. Later a building was erected at 94 Grand street, corner of Green, and occupied for some years until a change was made to 549-51 Broadway. About 1880 Messrs. Appleton removed to 1, 3, and 5 Bond street. Each one of these periods has witnessed some increase and development. There are now five members of the firm—Messrs. William H. Appleton, William W. Appleton, Daniel Appleton, Edward Dale Appleton, and D. Sidney Appleton.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

A new work by General Gordon—a sort of journal written at Khartoum—is soon to be published.

It is reported that Mr. Howells, during his European sojourn this summer, will make a thorough study of Holland.

A number of unpublished letters by Poe are being edited for the "Century Magazine" by Professor G. L. Woodberry.

Mr. Charles DeKay, the New York journalist and poet, has been appointed Consul-General of the United States at Berlin.

The Tennyson memorial at Freshwater is to be an Ionic cross thirty-four feet high, called the Tennyson Beacon. It has been designed by Mr. John L. Pearson.

The uniform limited edition of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's works will be published in this country by the Scribner's. Mr. Stevenson has just completed one historical novel, "St. Ives," and is well along with another, "The Lord Justice-Clerk."

The management of "Public Opinion" has been re-organized, and new features will be added to that already

excellent paper. The publishers send us a handsome Albertype reproduction of the photographs of fifty well-known American writers, grouped upon one sheet.

Professor Herbert Tuttle, of Cornell University, died recently at the age of forty-seven. He was one of the most brilliant of our historical scholars, his chief work being a history of Prussia, not completed. He was at one time a valued contributor to THE DIAL.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke will give a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in the autumn. Apropos of this subject, the "London Literary World" supplies an anxious correspondent with the following extraordinary information: "The Lowell Lectures are a new foundation, in commemoration of the late James Russell Lowell, and in connection with the new University at Chicago. Professor Drummond was the lecturer last year, and his course formed the basis of 'The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man,' which has just been published."

A writer in the "Revue de Paris" tells the following anecdote of Baudelaire: "Passing the shop of a coal-dealer one evening, he saw the proprietor, in a back room, seated at the table with his family. He seemed happy; the cloth was white; the wine smiled in the flagons. Baudelaire entered. The dealer came towards him, obsequious, delighted at a customer, awaiting orders. 'Is that yours, all that coal?' he asked. The man nodded in affirmation, not understanding. 'And all those piles of wood?' The man assented again, thinking the purchaser undecided. 'And that, is it coke? is that charcoal? Is that yours, too?' Baudelaire examined carefully all the heaped-up merchandise; then, looking the dealer in the face: 'What, that is all yours! And you do not asphyxiate yourself?'"

The Western Reserve University has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Professor C. A. Young, Professor Thomas D. Seymour, and Mr. John Hay. A brief Latin address was given in each case. Colonel Hay was described in these terms: "Johannis Hay, vir ingeniosus et liberalitate sua de hac universitate optime meritis, in rebus publicis, potissimum in eis quae apud exteras nationes administrandae essent, acriter et diligenter versatus est. Idem per multos annos litteris operam dedit. Mores Hispanorum feliciter descripsit. Carmina condidit partim rudem et agrestem populi occidentalis linguam optime imitantia, alia summa arte expolita. Quod vitam et res gestas Abrahami Lincoln descripsit patriae nostrae beneficium dedit. Ob talia merita summis honoribus dignus gradu amplissimo Legum Doctoris ornatur."

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN TURKEY.

The Turkish papers are publishing some statistics to illustrate the great progress of public instruction in Turkey under the present Sultan. Since his accession the increase in the number of schools is estimated at 25,000, said to be attended by a million and a quarter scholars of both sexes. It is difficult to ascertain what the number formerly was, but there is no doubt the increase is great. This is largely due to the measures taken by the late Sultans, Abd ul Mejid and Abd ul Aziz, in laying the foundation of a Ministry of Instruction, which of late years have been bearing fruit. The progress is also greatly due to the successful working of the reform of the administration of pious or ecclesiastical foundations. Thus, not only have numerous mosques and schools been founded, particularly in connection with the large immigration of refugees, and re-

ligious fervor aroused, but the revenues of the local religious establishments have been considerably augmented. Formerly education in the country districts was very backward, particularly for girls, as parents did not value it; but since education has become compulsory the attendance has much improved. — *The Athenæum*.

CHARLES HENRY PEARSON.

Mr. Charles Henry Pearson, the author of "National Life and Character," died on the 29th of May. He was born in 1830, became a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1854, and held this place until 1872, when he married, and emigrated to Australia. In 1892 he returned to England. He was the author of numerous historical works, and took high rank as an educator. One of his friends writes of him in these terms: "He was a most indefatigable worker his whole life long. He had a most marvellous memory, and a most rapid power of generalization from the long array of facts and precedents which marshalled themselves spontaneously before his mind when called upon to pronounce judgment. He was a profound classical scholar, but his knowledge of modern literature, English as well as Continental, was equally remarkable. He was acquainted with most of the modern European languages, and enjoyed Ibsen and Gogol in the original no less than Victor Hugo and Goethe. As a newspaper writer he distinguished himself by the possession of a most earnest and trenchant style, which he was able at will to vary with the most racy banter. His conversation was always striking and fascinating. His manner seemed at first sight somewhat cold, but his unruffled exterior concealed the warmest and truest of hearts. He especially delighted in the society of the young, and he would spare no pains to put an earnest student on the right track. As a politician, he was feared by his political opponents on account of his knowledge and intellectual power; he inspired absolute trust and confidence in his own party. He was regarded by both sides as absolutely incorruptible."

THE FINAL HONOR SCHOOL OF ENGLISH AT OXFORD.

We are indebted to the New York "Evening Post" for the following paragraph:

Liberality and progress have made two great strides in the University of Oxford. A last attack upon the establishment of the eighth final school, the "Final Honour School of English Language and Literature," was defeated in congregation on May 1, when the form of statute establishing the new school was promulgated, and its preamble was finally adopted by 120 placets against 46 non-placets. The details of this statute are now open to amendment, but the establishment of the school is assured. The preamble adopted runs as follows: "Whereas it is expedient to establish a Final Honour School of English Language and Literature, the University enacts as follows." This school must include authors "belonging to the different periods of English literature," and "the history of the English language and the history of English literature." Special subjects "falling within or usually studied in connection with the English language and literature" are also provided for. Candidates must have studied their authors "(1) with reference to the forms of the language, (2) as examples of literature, and (3) in their relation to the history and thought of the period to which they belong." The study of Anglo-Saxon, and of the relation of English to "the languages with which

it is etymologically connected," and of the history of English literature, is made the centre of the whole school, and a board of at least twenty examiners is provided for. Their duty shall be "to see that, as far as possible, equal weight is given to language and literature" in the conduct of the examination, "provided always that candidates who offer special subjects shall be at liberty to choose subjects connected either with language or with literature or with both."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

July, 1894 (First Last).

America, Australian Impressions. Miss C. H. Spence. *Harper*.
American Boy's Ideal Training. Thomas Davidson. *Forum*.
American Protective Association. F. R. Coudert. *Forum*.
Baltimore Social Life. Amy Wetmore. *Southern Magazine*.
Billroth, Death of Professor. *Popular Science*.
Bluestone Industry, The. Illus. H. B. Ingram. *Pop. Sci.*
Boston and Philadelphia, Health of. J. S. Billings. *Forum*.
Carlyle's Place in Literature. Frederic Harrison. *Forum*.
Co-Educated, The. Martha F. Crow. *Forum*.
Coinage, A New System of. M. D. Harter. *Forum*.
Colonial Weather-Service, A. Illus. A. McAdie. *Pop. Sci.*
"Conscience Fund" of the Treasury. F. L. Chrisman. *Lipp*.
Corporations and Trusts. L. G. McPherson. *Popular Science*.
Education, Secondary. *Dial*.
English at Indiana University. M. W. Sampson. *Dial*.
Facial Expressions, Acquired. Louis Robinson. *Pop. Science*.
Government's Failure as a Builder. M. Schuyler. *Forum*.
Harvard and Yale Boat-Race. Illus. W. A. Brooks. *Harper*.
Hertz, Heinrich. H. Bonfort. *Popular Science*.
Kentucky Whisky. Illus. W. E. Bradley. *Southern Mag.*
Kiln-Drying Hard Wood. O. S. Whitmore. *Popular Science*.
Know-Nothings, Career of the. J. B. McMaster. *Forum*.
Latitude and Vertebrae. D. S. Jordan. *Popular Science*.
Literature, Signs of Life in. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial*.
Manly Virtues and Politics. Theodore Roosevelt. *Forum*.
Mill-Girls. Elizabeth Morris. *Lippincott*.
Mitla, Ruins of. Illus. Evelyn Steger. *Southern Magazine*.
Montague, Lady, and Bacteriology. *Popular Science*.
Musicians, Letters of Two. *Dial*.
New England, My First Visit. Illus. W. D. Howells. *Harper*.
Nova Scotian Indian Folk-Tales. Frederick Starr. *Dial*.
Panama, Up the Coast from. Illus. W. S. Hale. *So. Mag.*
President at Home, The. Illus. H. L. Nelson. *Harper*.
Rambles of a Nature-Lover. Anna B. McMahan. *Dial*.
Research the Spirit of Teaching. G. S. Hall. *Forum*.
Savagery and Survivals. J. W. Black. *Popular Science*.
Social Insects' Homes. Illus. L. N. Badenoch. *Pep. Sci.*
Stage as a Career. R. De Cordova. *Forum*.
Storage Battery of the Air. Alexander McAdie. *Harper*.
Sunshine in the Woods. Illus. B. D. Halsted. *Pop. Science*.
U. S. Naval Gun Factory. Illus. T. F. Jewell. *Harper*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas. By William Martin Conway, M.A. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 709. D. Appleton & Co. \$10.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Oliver Cromwell: A History, Comprising a Narrative of his Life, with Extracts from his Letters and Speeches, and an Account of the Affairs of England during his Time. By Samuel Harden Church. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 524. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. 8vo, pp. 448, gilt top. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The Life of John Paterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By his great-grandson, Thomas Eggleston, L.L.D. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 295. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Newton Booth of California: His Speeches and Addresses. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Lauren E. Crane. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 321. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Arthur Lee, L.L.D., as Seen in History, 1770-1781. By Charles Henry Lee. 8vo, pp. 60. Richmond, Va.: J. W. Randolph & Co. 50 cts.

HISTORY.

The Protected Princes of India. By William Lee Warner, C.S.I. 8vo, uncut, pp. 389. Macmillan & Co. \$3.

The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu; trans. by Zénaïde A. Ragouls. Part II., The Institutions; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 566. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

The Carolina Pirates and Colonial Commerce, 1670-1740. By Shirley Carter Hugheson. 8vo, uncut, pp. 134. Johns Hopkins University Studies. \$1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Theatricals: Two Comedies—Tenants, and Disengaged. By Henry James. 12mo, uncut, pp. 320. Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

The Operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Described by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 248. The J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

Acting and Actors, Elocution and Elocutionists: A Book about Theatre Folk and Theatre Art. By Alfred Ayres, author of "The Orthoplait." Illus., 10mo, gilt edges, pp. 287. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

History of German Literature. By R. W. Moore. Illus., 8vo, pp. 87. Hamilton, N. Y.: Colgate University Press. 75 cts.

Literary and Social Silhouettes. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. With portrait, 18mo, pp. 218. Harper & Bros. 50 cts.

POETRY.

Balder the Poet, and Other Verses. By George Herbert Stockbridge. 10mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 98. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

Old English Ballads. Selected and Edited by Francis B. Gummere. 12mo, pp. 380. Ginn & Co. \$1.35.

From Milton to Tennyson: Masterpieces of English Poetry. Edited, with Notes, etc., by L. DuPont Syle, M.A. 12mo, pp. 467. Allyn & Bacon. \$1.

My Garden Walk. By William Preston Johnson. 12mo, pp. 183. New Orleans: F. F. Hansell & Bro.

FICTION.

Cleopatra: A Romance. By Georg Ebers, author of "Urda"; trans. by Mary J. Safford. In two vols., 10mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Potter's Thumb. By Flora Annie Steel. 12mo, pp. 351. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Maximilian and Carlotta: A Story of Imperialism. By John M. Taylor. Illus., gilt top, uncut, pp. 269. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A Prodigal in Love. By Emma Wolf, author of "Other Things Being Equal." 12mo, pp. 258. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Red Diamonds. By Justin McCarthy, author of "Dear Lady Disdain." 12mo, pp. 400. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

The Dancing Faun. By Florence Fair. 10mo, pp. 160. Roberts Bros. \$1.

The Wedding Garment: A Tale of the Life to Come. By Louis Pendleton, author of "In the Wire-Grass." 10mo, pp. 246. Roberts Bros. \$1.

An Unofficial Patriot. By Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pushed by Unseen Hands." With portrait, 12mo, pp. 340. Arena Pub'g Co. \$1.

A Moral Blot. By Sigmund B. Alexander, author of "Who Lies?" 12mo, pp. 233. Arena Pub'g Co. \$1.

The Mouse-Trap: A Farce. By William Dean Howells. Illus., 24mo, pp. 52. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: The Husband of One Wife. by Mrs. Venn; 8vo, pp. 310. 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series: Invisible Hands. by F. Von Zobeltitz, trans. by S. E. Boggs; illus., 12mo, pp. 372. 50 cts.

Rand, McNally's Globe Library: The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ. by Nicolas Notovitch; 12mo, pp. 191. 25 cts.

Lovell, Coryell's Series of American Novels: Struthers, and The Comedy of the Masked Musicians. by Anna Bowman Dodd; 12mo, pp. 312. 50 cts.

Neely's Library of Choice Literature: "In the Quarter." by Robert W. Chambers; 12mo, pp. 314.—**The Princess of Alaska.** by Richard Henry Savage; 12mo, pp. 420. Each, 50 cts.

Neely's Popular Library: The Major in Washington City. Second Series; illus., 12mo, pp. 251. 25 cts.

SCIENCE STUDIES.

Man's Place in Nature, and Other Anthropological Essays. By Thomas H. Huxley. 12mo, pp. 328. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Scarabs: The History, Manufacture, and Religious Symbolism of the Scarabæus. By Isaac Myer, L.L.B., author of "The Qabbalah." 12mo, pp. 177. New York (641 Madison ave.): Edwin W. Dayton. \$1.50.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man. By Henry Drummond, L.L.D. 12mo, pp. 346. James Pott & Co. \$3.

Discipleship: The Scheme of Christianity. By the author of "The King and the Kingdom." 12mo, pp. 232. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis. Edited, with notes, etc., by William W. Goodwin, L.L.D., and John Williams White, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 200. Ginn & Co. \$1.65.

Law and Theory in Chemistry: A Companion Book for Students. By Douglas Carnegie, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 222. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.

Practical Botany for Beginners. By F. O. Bower, D.Sc. 10mo, pp. 275. Macmillan & Co. 90 cts.

Primary Geography. By Alex Everett Frye, author of "Child and Nature." 4to, illustrated, pp. 127. Ginn & Co. 75 cts.

La Petite Fadette. Par George Sand; abbreviated and edited by F. Aston-Binns, M.A. 16mo, pp. 136. Heath's "Modern Language Series." 50 cts.

JUVENILE.

Oscar in Africa. By Harry Castlemon, author of "Rocky Mountain Series." Illus., 12mo, pp. 347. Porter & Coates. \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Care and Feeding of Children: A catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D. 12mo, pp. 66. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cts.

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